beauty. The afternoon sun only reaches one side. Down, down, narrower & narrower. Honest to goodness angry rapids. Sedimentary rock formed at the bottom of the ocean here forced vertical! Down, & still down. More canyon when we thought it was all. Rock with moss & trees all blend subtly in color deep purple shadows. Sun now tips only rim. Walls spread wider, we wind down still following river. Robt. wants map saved in case he comes out here

with his children. Look! More deep canyon. Rocks straight up 300 to 500 ft. only sparse trees, growth & moss chartreuse moss on gray stone.

5 12 Suddenly around a mass we come upon red vertical with green growth stripes. The canyon is gone, replaced with red bald buttes & narrow range. Now the color changes to lt. yel. br. luxuriously shaped formation. 2 walls of hard strata, sun weathered a bay on both sides, makes a jagged pattern across the sky

5 30 Earth deep rich red, orchard

Short cut thru Loveland,
at this why anyone should
avoid it. Prest doesn't know
incidental Candy's dandy
but liquor's quicker.
Broad vista to the right of the
hills we have left behind.
The silent monuments to
eternity. Backward they
stretch range after range.
From a distance their fragile
milk glass beauty is paradoxical to the
solid rock & mass that they
are. - Red wing black birds
sitting on every fence post
along road. A narrow streak
of sunlight ahead whitens
the plains against the sky.
Stopped in Longmont to chg.
gas at Calso. Trade people less
pleasantly courteous. The
longest part of the days trip
is the 50 m. run across the
plains into Denver. The late
sun stretches the shadows
out. Robt. says. "Now there's
a cow in a front yard. You
wouldn't find that in Montclair!"
Star Spangled Banner rendered
a bit sourly.
7- Back into Denver, good &
hungry. We're getting pretty
adept at finding our way
thru the city. a full day
the Oasis N.R.A. A full meal at.
250 m.

July 5th

7 a.m. Off on the button. Every thing packed so much easier. Heading into Denver. For the 1st time we can see the mts. clear + snow tipped. We watch an airplane circle low over us to gain altitude. Its transcontinental planning in the morning sunlight.

Last night's example of Lois' enjoyment. Robt says "Mother I lost a dime. That's fine, says Lois, you have just the bunch I want to cast around."

Breakfast at the L+B. where we ate yesterday. 8 10 On to Union Depot to greet Edgar

Sent Lee her birthday telegram a day late. The Denver Zephyr 5 min. late but a red plush carpet laid out to greet the Kings. A beautiful silver streamlined train. Much happy chatter + more birthday gifts for Adelle. A stop at the Court House to legalize some deeds then to the P.O. We did manage to get Edgar's bag in despite bidding.

10 15 Hot sun makes us serious in patiently waiting at the 2 stops. But we're soon out of city on Santa Fe Drive to

Toward Colorado Springs. After a solid week of driving Brent relinquishes wheel to Edgar. Brent had told Lois when we started that she could take over when we got on the plains, but he never did ask her until yesterday when we were 12,000 ft up on those sheer heights.

On this road we pass far to the left the Red Rocks Pk. that we went thru day before yesterday. It seems so long ago. Met a crack up but apparently no one hurt. It's a beautiful day. all the windows are down. Here we blow! Mesa makes the skyline thru this wide open stretch. Sign in little Town

Marry'n' Justice

Walls of valley narrowing in around Palmer Lake. Our 1st sight of a natural arch worn thru rock formation by wind. Lost the AAA recommended road at Sedalia but eventually cut across on a narrow dirt road thru Pike at Nat. Forest. This is the real west away from usual Tourist sort. Edgar gets his first small taste of sharp curves + drops. The view to the left magnificent. Bumpy going makes writing difficult. One lane road. Brent says he hopes we don't meet a herd of elephants. Even

over Mt. Hermann

more frightening than yesterday it is — Gupers! We're all wet with nervous perspiration. If we do dare look the view + rock formations are beautiful. Sharpest curves all marked turn out. Look ahead. which must mean — ? I'm as tense as can be. A switch back now Adelle doesn't like being on the outside. Rocks all rounded must be moraine (glacier) large chunks piled on pile standing up for 30-100 ft.. We stop for pictures & are limp. Cars boiling after that heavy pull

in second. So quiet up here looking back into the valley the only signs of civilization. The only sounds are our voices and the rustling of the winds in the baby birches, scrub + pines. All colors of wild flowers. The curious shapes of rocks balanced precariously on top of each other, even overhanging the road. The amazing part of this country is the unequaled beauty around each new turn. We are either still going up (!) or else riding along the ridge. The pine air + the stillness refreshes me. Another quick snap at Pike Pk. across the mt. tops below

poplars

aspens flat stems mst. of sd. mb. leave tremble

Now we seem to be going down. Sign going the other way saying Not Suitable for Public Travel. Edgar now is well initiated into cautious mt. driving while Brent relapses (if he can) in back seat. We tell E. we just want to break him in gradually.

12 45 Out of the park onto a wide good gravel road. Now that we are on safer territory we decided fools rush in, but we're glad for all of it.

Rampart Range Rd. sign long needle pines & cedars. We must be up pretty high its getting cooler. We always know where Robt. is. He has 5 silver dollars in his pocket. Another stop to see a glorious view straight down. Pikes Pk. opposite. The foreground pines are rich green in contrast to the delicate blue across. Another turn reveals an endless view of the flat plains, the clouds making patterns across. All kinds of glorious views. 7 or 8 levels of the road visible as it hairpins straight down the mt. side. The view across the plains gives an idea of what it must look like flying. A glimpse of a very interesting gorge below.

we hope it is the Garden of the Gods. The wide variety of the colors in the int. rocks complimented always by the green of the trees. Around & down pointing Devils Head almost all the way down we see the road in serpentine twist just all over the place. No this affords a good view. Wrong! We're still a long way from the bottom. A complete view from above of the Garden of the Gods. The earth is such a rich red it looks as if I am looking thru rose colored glasses. We stop to climb curious rock.

Adelle & I have narrow escape from galloping horse. We dashed into a natural arch ridus after us, but we scrambled up the steps as they whoaed in time. This is a beautiful spot now that we down amidst the rocks to see them silhouetted against the sky. We drive a narrow 1-car split in the fiery red rock. We each find similarities in them.

2:15 Lunch in Manitou Springs where I throw away nickles on music while we eat. Prent joins with Blue Hawaii. Lois thinks the jukebox very musical the synchronization so good.

3- Fill up with Pawnee prior to the Pikes Peak climb. This town is nestled right in the low hills with the mts. rising straight up from here. A stranger breezes up to says Virginia! That's where I came from! - Beginning to look like rain we are doubtful. We Pass an interesting section, real rough country a deep notch thru red rocks. R.R. tracks following us around on other side of stream. We vote to go up anyway climbing almost from the bottom in 2nd. I thought by now I would be blase to these

sheer drops for miles but the road is dirt + car sometimes skids on loose rocks just enough to get a good thrill. There's so much of the interesting rock formation its hard to appreciate it all. Only 4 m. along + already a marked difference in temp. Passing thru a slight shower (we hope) Below on the left a neat little lake reservoir, we cross bridge on dam. The peaks beginning to hide itself in surly looking clouds. 10,000 ft. at half way mark. Climbing steeper now. Trees all marked, + water supplied every so often. Passing a great many cars

apparently stuck, particularly those who flashed past us on the lower grades. Only 8 more miles + 3,000 more ft.! And it tch. is 500! Reaching the timber line. Sign - Sheep lined coats for rent. Good Lord! the climb taking it in bw. Cars coming other way make it very breath taking on curves. Thunder cracking above! These drops! The small up hairpin curves! Snow patches. I'm making myself relax, after all...
Devil's Playground where it levels for a breathing spell.
Snowing slightly! Really!

Not interested in looking at Bottomless Pit at this moment. Nothing but rock, not even any tundra. 14,000 ft. - 1 mi. & 100 more ft., 2 hp. at last. Whew! It sure is cold up here. I am glad I dressed for it today in tweed suit + sweater. Met a cute bunch of boys from Lancaster, couldn't resist speaking. Glad to get inside to buy Post Cards out of the cold. I sure feel funny in the head, - Whew, it's goodness, too cold to write up there. The
5- view if it were only not such a blue haze would be the most

temp 39°

wonderful spectacle I have ever seen. On all sides view here spreading out for 140 mi. Adelle & I adventure up a rickety wooden crow's nest with practically nothing but sky & God above & below us. This is being written on the decent. Some how I always manage to get on the outside curve! The sun has come out. Stopping at Bottomless Pit 15,000 ft. Bare rock dropping straight down to the timber line & range after range below & the Great Plains beyond. I am good gale ablowin' and ahowlin' Southward. Edgar still at the helm. Huge nut. crows hopping. Straight below us the road writhes tortuously around the crags. The Grey Line Buses whosh nonchantly by us. Lois isn't nervous but she wishes Robt would sit still. Prent thordy enjoys going down altho he can't say same about going up. The vistas on the down slope are more appreciable because of the foreground comparison. The top view is just too vast to comprehend. Car slipps.